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# FLASHBACK

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**Washington County
Historical Society**

## Washington County Historical Society

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*Chapter Two*

## Marriage To Columbus Collins

*from The Unbroken Circle*
*continued from February 1992*

As far back as I could remember we had been neighbors to Columbus Collins' folk and he always said that I was his. My father and mother didn't think there was another boy livin' to equal him. We would have never married so early if they had objected to it. As soon as he heard that we was back from Texas he come to see us but it was just like one of the family. I believe he stayed all day and all night. It was twelve mile out there. At that time I was only twelve year old.

Pa was busy building up the farm. The fencin' was all tore down and a big part of it carried away. I helped my daddy to haul the rails and build the fence and anything else that was to do on the farm. I helped in the field all that summer. Pa didn't want me to do it because he thought that was imposin on me but the boys was too little to help and there was no one else. Ma and I would card and spin at night.

When I was fifteen, Columbus wanted to go ahead and get married. He had a sister that was just my age. One Sunday when he was comin' to see me, Nan wanted to come with him and they stayed all afternoon. This was when we lived just a mile apart. When they got ready to go home, they wanted me to go part of the way with them. We had to walk through the timber but had a good big road. When we got about half way, I told them I would have to turn and go back because there was two of them and I was alone. We all just stepped out to the side of the road and sat down on some rocks. Dreckly, they said they had to go and got up and started on. I kept settin' there and when they got a short piece away, Columbus turned

and said "Oh, wait a minute, I wanted to tell you something!" He come running back and when he got there he stooped down pretendin' that he was comin' down to my ear to tell me something he didn't want her to hear. I was listenin', for I thought that was what he meant to do, too. Instead, he just bent down and kissed me on the cheek. That was the first time he ever kissed me. He turned and ran back down the road and as he did, I called out, "Never mind old boy, I'll get even with you!"

He was five years older than I was and had bought a farm within a mile of Pa's place. He was going to make a crop that summer on the place and he contended that it was too far away from his house for him to go home for dinner. I kept telling him I didn't know how to cook and tried to get him to put it off another year or so. He said he had eat enough of my cookin' to be satisfied about it. My mother wanted us to stay with her and Pa through that summer till we could make preparations for our own place and he finally agreed to. Ma was expecting another baby and thought I could help her a lot if we stayed with them. We was married at the church the nineteenth of March, 1871, on the day that Columbus was twenty one. Ma fixed dinner for his family and mine. We still had only a one room cabin with three beds and one trundle bed that was put under a big one when it wasn't in use. Columbus and I had to sleep in this room with the rest of the family.

The day after we was married, Ma got up and got breakfast for us. Before the breakfast was over, she began to feel pains but she went ahead with the work for quite awhile. Columbus went home to get his clothes before there was anything said about Ma's condition. His mother was a midwife and had helped Ma before with one of her children. Her pains kept getting worse and Pa went for my mother-in-law. Ma got up to go out and sat down behind the smoke house. While she was there she had a pain and nearly brought the baby. She called me and hit nearly scared me to death. She told me to bring her a quilt to lay

down on. I begged her to let me help lift her up on her feet and get her into the house. She couldn't do it. She said she had tried and tried to get up and she couldn't. I got the quilt and put it down for her and ran around the corner of the house to see if Pa was comin'; he was and I hollered to him to hurry. He said, "We are," and I yelled, "Well if you could see the shape Ma's in you could walk a lot faster than that!" They both looked up and saw her and now, did they come! When they got to Ma the baby was on the quilt. My mother-in-law wrapped the baby up and give it to me to take into the house. Each of them took Ma by the arms and helped her. Neither Ma nor the baby suffered any ill effects from this experience and Ma was up and about her work in a week's time.

We stayed with my folks a little more than two months after we was married. That was as long as Columbus could stand it without our own house. He was just like a kid to get moved in. Our house was just one room, ten by twelve feet. That was enough, because we wasn't in it a great deal of the time. I went to Ma's every day to spin. We just had the one spinning wheel between us. When it came time for me to go home, one of the bulldogs we had had for a long time, would go right by my side. Columbus made the crop at his daddy's house and I worked at mine. When the dog and I got home, if Columbus was there, he would just turn and go on home, but if not, he would lay right down in front of the door and wouldn't move until Columbus come in.

When we moved into our own house, I didn't have anything but a bed, frying pan, skillet and my trunk. I had never cooked on a stove but we had a small fireplace at one end of the room. We also had two chairs, that was as many as we could get in the house, with the small table we used to eat on. There was no window and only one door. You seldom ever saw a log house with a window in it. I got good training in house cleaning when I was a girl at home. We cleaned the house every Saturday. First we took the

chairs out and put all the bedding out to sun. We set the table in the middle of the floor and sprinkled ashes and homemade soap all over it and then took a rag and scrubbed it until it was shining. Most always then, we'd set the table out in the yard and let it sun till we got through with the floor. After we got through with the table, Ma would sprinkle ashes all over that room, eighteen foot square, and when she had finished, us kids generally done the scrubbing. Now let me tell you, when we got through, that was a clean floor if there ever was one! We then took the chairs down to the ash-hopper. Do you know what one of them is? Well, first, hit was a trough dug out of a tree about six or eight feet long. Then boards was built inside the trough in a V shape, this last was what held the ashes. Ma put ashes into the hopper until it was full, then she would make a basin-like in the top of the hopper and fill it with water. The water ran through the ashes and down through the trough and into a vessel; what run through down the trough and settled in the vessel was lye. On house-cleaning day, after we finished with the table and floor, we took the chairs down to the ash-hopper. Our chairs was all home-made out of hickory and when they got dirty, they was not so much to look at. We rubbed soft soap and ashes over them and scrubbed. I'd love to see a kid get out and scrub a chair today like we did then!

When I was a girl we had very few of the luxuries they have today. Of course I don't have what people call luxuries: still, I have the matches and the stove and the electricity. When I was just a little bit of a thing, we'd have a few matches, but we were too economical to use them every time we struck a fire. We used flint. We'd put paper down and strike the flint over that and the spark would fly down and set it afire. In wintertime, we would cover up a pile of coals with ashes in the fireplace; the next morning we would start the fire from them. It would be hard to tell just when we started using matches all the time.

I thought it was wonderful when I first started cooking

on a stove. I had a little one with four caps on top. It did fairly well, but hit would be kinda awkward now.

Our first light was of bee's wax and candle-wick-thread that we made at home. We'd spin the thread and make the candle-wick by taking a strand of two or three threads and making it nearly fifty feet long. One of us would get at one end and one at the other; each of us would twist the threads in a different direction. Then we'd double it and twist it again. This finished the wicks. We'd melt the bee's wax and run the wick through that. After this we'd take a plate and using a piece of wick like a pole, we'd wind the rest of the wick around and around it until it was about four or five inches high and clear across the plate. I can still see those old things aburnin'!

Next I remember the candles we made out of tallar (tallow). We used the same kind of wicks as we had with the bee's wax, but we had regular candle molds that would make twelve candles at once. I've seen rows of candles hanging in the smoke house, dozens and dozens of them. Sometimes Ma would make candles all day long. If we set up late and worked any, we'd burn a whole candle sometimes at night. We worked then nearly every night, mostly sewing, carding or spinning. We did some weaving at night, but that would be just plain goods.

The next light we had was a little brass coal-oil lamp without any chimney. Smell? Of course it did! But we didn't think anything of that, we was proud of it because it made a better light than the candle did. Later we got the glass lamps and the chimneys with them all at the same time and discarded the brass ones. It was a long jump from the old bee's wax lights to the electricity we have today and it was a wonderful experience for me.

When Columbus and I moved into our home, I kept house and cleaned just like Ma had taught me.

It nearly ran my mother-in-law crazy because we was so long having a baby. We had been married over a year

before I had my first child. I went to Ma's house to be confined. I was then just seventeen. The night I got sick, the minister happened to be staying all night at Ma's house. In them days, we had what we called circuit riders; the minister would hold church over a whole district and put in his time going from one place to another. He would stop wherever night overtaken him. This minister also was a doctor. My husband and I slept in the same room with all the rest of the family and the preacher. During the night I had to get up and my pains began. When Ma realized what was happening, she called the doctor and he said he had thought that was what the trouble was. She got the children up and sent them over to the neighbors and Pa went after my mother-in-law. I suppose I had what would be called a hard time. Ma said it wasn't so bad except it took me longer than some people. I guess methods in that day wasn't like they use today in childbirth. They made me take all kinds of exercise and at the time the baby came, I was sittin' on my husband's lap. I had been sittin' on Pa's lap. I don't remember, but I don't think I sat on the minister's; chances are I didn't, he was too busy. We named the baby for the preacher; that was all he charged us.

I stayed at Ma's until George Oliver was about a month old. I was afraid to have the care of him all alone for fear I'd forget to feed him. When we got home, I found out he didn't let me forget him. I had never known anything else other than to be responsible for babies, so besides the feeding of my own child I did not have any fear.

About this time my husband began to need a new suit of clothes. Money was scarce and I decided to make it for him. It was in the spring and I helped to shear the sheep. I picked the wool, got the burrs all out of it, washed it and sent it to the carding machine which was down the river about four or five mile from our place. When the wool come back, I spun the thread and then dyed half of it

black. I took it over to Ma's loom and wove it – a thread of black and a thread of white. If you don't think that made a pretty piece of cloth, try it! Columbus taken the cloth to the tailor and the tailor took his measure and cut the suit. I made it by hand with a needle. When I finally finished it and Columbus wore it, I thought he was the finest dressed man I ever looked at.

I learned to spin when I was eight years old. Ma had a regular spinning wheel. The spindle was about ten inches long and tapered at the end. On the edge where we would fasten the roll, hit was right sharp. We'd take shucks off corn and cut off leaves and put them around the spindle till the shucks would be right smooth and then we'd go to spinning. We'd take a roll of carded cotton and wet the end of a piece of cotton to get it started. It would catch to the spindle and you'd turn the wheel and draw the thread until you had enough to put on the spindle. A broach was all the thread we could get on a spindle. When the spindle was full we'd take the shuck off and it would stay just that way; then we'd put on another shuck. We'd lay the broaches up in a basket and when we got a basket full, we'd reel them. A reel was round like a big spool and it had a handle to turn it and wind the thread on. A hundred and sixty rounds on the reel was a cut; four cuts was a hand and a hand wove a yard of cloth.

A year or two later Ma taught me to weave. She let me learn on plain cloth – when we used just two treadles. That would be for sheets or blankets that had no design. I remember one time there was a premium put out for the person who wove the fanciest piece of dress goods and my mother won it. The piece of cloth she wove was so fine she could run the whole web of cloth through an endless thimble. It was one of the prettiest pieces of material I ever saw. I remember it was plaid and the outstanding colors was red, black, orange and blue. I always enjoyed weaving and working with cotton more than wool because the wool was so hard to clean and was always so dirty. I

can remember only one time when Ma went to town and bought us a calico dress while we was kids. We wove everything we wore and all our sheets, table cloths, blankets and bedspreads. One batch of blankets Ma made, she wove a colored border on them just like what you'd buy; then she'd weave what we called a reach and take a card that we used in carding cotton and card the woven wool until hit had a fluffy nap on it as fine as anything you could get today.

One day when I was a girl, I decided to see just how much cloth I could weave in one day. I was using three treadles and putting a twill in the cloth. I let everything go and did nothing but weave. When I finished that night, I had wove five yards of heavy twill for men's clothing.

When my first baby was nearing two year old, Ma and Pa had a chance to get a bigger place near Grandpa's and moved twelve miles away from us. They kept the place near us and let Columbus and me go ahead and work it along with ours; they give us what we could make out of it. Since he come from the army, Pa hadn't been well. He complained of feeling bad most of the time and suffered with rheumatism. We knew it was the exposure he went through during the war because when he went away, there wasn't a healthier man in the country. He kept getting worse all the time until he had to quit the field and that broke his heart. He and one of my brothers come over and sowed the wheat. He worked right along with the rest of the men but he wasn't feeling well and did not look well. He and my brother stayed at our house while they was sowin' the crop. Just before they got ready to leave, Pa and Dave, my brother, both went to town and each of them bought a present for me. Dave brought me a dress and I don't remember what Pa got. I told them we didn't want anything for them stayin', but Pa said they wasn't goin' to stay there two weeks, two of them, and not give me something. When they got ready to leave, Pa come to me and kissed me goodbye and went off cryin'. I have always

*Reproduction of the only daguerreotype in Mary Jane's possession at her death in 1942, probably depicting her parents James Donnell McCurdy (b. 1831) and Judah Ann Kifer (b. 1834) shortly after their marriage in 1853.*

thought he knew it would be the last time he saw me.

Less than a month later, one morning he didn't wake up when Ma got up. He always made the fire, but he was still asleep that morning and ma got up and got the boys off to work. She then woke Pa and asked him if he didn't want some breakfast. He didn't, but when she insisted, he got up and drank some coffee. When he finished, he went back and lay down; all at once, he jumped up and cried, "I must get to work." Ma saw there was something wrong with him and she ran to him and got him back on the bed. He never did move or speak after that. One of Pa's twelve year old nieces rode horseback to tell me about his death and got to our place about noon. I was expecting my second baby any time and Columbus was in bed with pneumonia. I couldn't go because I would have had to ride a horse twelve miles and carry my two year old boy in front of me. I always regretted not being able to go to Ma, but I knew it wasn't possible in my condition.

By the time Pa died, the boys had grown up and they all thought they could do better in Texas. They had made their plans to go before Pa left us, but they didn't leave Arkansas until they had made one more crop. My oldest brother, Martin, married one day and started with his bride and the rest of my family the next day. They went to Lebanon, Collin County, Texas where they stayed for two years. They rented a hundred acre farm and put most of it in cotton, although they raised corn and some vegetables.

There was a steady improvement in our living conditions during those years after the close of the war. We had hogs and sheep running in the woods. I had quite a few chickens and added to them every year. I also had geese and ducks and picked them just as reglar as pickin' time come around. The ducks had to be picked every four weeks and the geese every six weeks. It wasn't long before I had enough for a nice feather bed. We just had one horse and Columbus bought another one on time from a neighbor. We had plenty of meat in the smoke house.

Years before, Pa had hollered out a trough from a huge tree and put legs to it and placed it in the smoke house on one side. Ma had taught me how to make soap and we used to have the trough in the smoke house full of homemade soap; hit was good soap, too.

On April 21, 1878, I gave birth to my third boy, Tom. We had moved back to our own house and let some people by the name of Richardson move into Pa's place to look after the farm. There was a big orchard besides the wheat and oats. At the time the Richardsons moved in, the fences was all up and they were supposed to keep the horses and other stock out of the wheat. Instead, they let the fences go and everything else around the place. It was pitiful and it made me feel like cryin' every time I saw it. One day when Tom was about a month old, Columbus come by Pa's and saw that the fences were down and the stock had been in the grain. It made him so furious that he planned to go and see the Richardsons the next morning. He left our house right after breakfast and told me he'd be back about noon. He stopped and fixed the fence before he went on to the Richardsons'. When he finished with the fence, he went on to the house to talk with the men. As he walked into the yard, there was the old man, his son-in-law and two boys standing there by the wagon near the door. He told them if they let the horses in the wheat any more they would have to leave. I think it was about that time that the old man stepped out and picked up the breast yoke of the wagon. He slipped up behind Columbus and hit him just behind the left ear. I was putting dinner on the table when he got home. He just turned his head and said, "Look there." The blood was running out of his ear. I cried out, "Oh my goodness, have you been in a fight?" He never made me an answer but went over and sat down in a chair and told me the story. He turned sick at his stomach and was dizzy. I led him outside and he vomited; then I took him back in the house and put him to bed. He

died that night about eight.

His mother and father was with me and there was so many neighbors, law! They couldn't get in the house. When Columbus was on the way home after he had been hit, he met a friend and told him what had happened and had asked him to go by and tell his mother. She come right away and sent for the doctor by the same man who had brought her the news. When the doctor came he made an examination and stayed an hour or two before Columbus died. We waited two days before we buried him. He was buried on the day our baby, Tom, was five weeks old.

The day after the funeral I had to go to court. I was so grief stricken that the memory is almost a blank. On the witness stand I told how he come home and what happened before he died. As soon as Columbus had died, there was men who went to the house where Richardson lived to arrest him, but he was not there. All the time we were working over Columbus, the Richardson boys was skulking out in the brush where they would be out of sight but where they could hear what was going on. As soon as they know my husband was dead, they hid the old man until he could get away. By daylight the next day he was out of the country and could not be found by the dozens of men who were hunting him. Right around home, the neighbors offered a five-hundred dollar reward for the capture of the old man Richardson but nothing was heard of him.

At that time Columbus had a brother, Jeff, who was only twelve year old. He was so heart-broken over the death of my husband that he vowed he would find his brother's murderer and kill him if it took the rest of his life. When Jeff was grown, he straddled a horse and struck out North. We knew where the Richardsons come from and that was where he made for. Weeks later, Jeff rode into Minnesota territory; he met a man who directed him

to where Richardson lived. He rode up on the old man out in the woods. When he saw Jeff, he just threw up his hands and said, "Hello Jeff! For God's sake, have mercy!" Jeff said, "I'm goin' show you the same mercy you showed my brother." He had a lariat all fixed on his saddle and he just pulled that out and roped the old man around the waist. He turned his horse and rode off, this jerked the old feller down and Jeff drug him about a hundred and fifty yards until he come to a lake. He rode out into the lake of water until he came to the center; then he untied his rope from the saddle horn and rode away. Jeff Collins had kept his vow!

After Columbus' funeral, I didn't go back home but went to his people's place. They made arrangements for me to move in with them and I stayed with them that whole summer and winter except when Grandpa come after me to take me to his house. He'd let me stay away from him about six weeks and here he'd come with the wagon and team. Then I'd bundle up the children and stay with him about four or five weeks. But when I said, "Grandpa, I believe I'd better go home," he was just as willing to take me as he was when he came after me.

I began to want to be by myself; I had an extra house on my land and decided to rent my place and move into the spare house. It needed some repair before I could use it. My father-in-law and I decided to have a workin' and he asked, I reckon, a dozen men to come and help him fix that house. They come and talked up until eleven o'clock and we women was gettin' dinner for them. The whole bunch objected to my goin' up there and livin' by myself. They didn't all come to dinner and none of them mentioned the way they felt about it to me. They left that to my father-in-law. The result was that I did not move. I was afterwards glad that I listened to them; I hadn't thought of being afraid to stay out there in the woods a half-mile from anybody. There wasn't the meanness goin' on in them days that there is today but it was a lot better for me not to try it

even if it did break my heart to give up the idea.

Ma wrote me after Columbus died that if I would come to Texas she would send one of the boys after me. It was such a worry on me to be dependent on my people for raising those three children. I was only twenty-two and there was nothing there in Arkansas I could do to bring in any money. Still I did lots. I thought if I could go to Texas, I would have a better chance of finding something to do. My brother, Martin, came for me in July. He was driving a two-horse wagon. Martin's wife had died in childbirth that summer. He brought his wife's sister Mag and her father-in-law with him when he come from Texas to Arkansas. They stayed nearly a month before we left on our trip back. It would not have been unpleasant but my baby got sick and there was days and days that I didn't think he would live until night.

When we would stop at night the first thing the children did was to go out. George would start out across the prairie. I have seen that child go so far to get out of sight that we could hardly see him. We used to watch him to see just how far he would go but we had him just like a hawk watchin' a chicken for fear he would get too far out and get lost. Several times Martin went after him to make sure he was all right; the little kid was only six year old.

One day we was out in the timber a long way from any place and Martin spoke up and said, "Here's the railroad." He just stopped the wagon and I was so thrilled I had to get out and examine the tracks. Martin heard a train acomin' so he drove across the tracks and down the road a little piece so the horses wouldn't be scared. The rest of us stayed up where we could see it good. It was a freight train; I couldn't see that it was much different to what they have today – just the old box cars. Course, I guess it's been so long I just don't remember the difference. Gracious! Makin' fires with wood in them days must have taken a whole car or two of wood to keep a train goin'! I was by the train then like I am now by the airplane. I

didn't think I'd get on one of them for love or money, but when I had to, I climbed on.

We was on the road just a week and traveled three hundred miles; I always enjoyed travelin' and campin'. I couldn't stand it now because of the anxiety. When we arrived at Ma's place, it was early August, 1879, and the cotton fields was white. The first thing I did was to make me a cotton sack and go to pickin' cotton. This was such a relief to me to be able to make somethin' towards bein' independent. I really enjoyed it and one day I wanted to see just how much I could pick. I took my lunch and did not go in to the house until sundown; when I quit, I had picked 118 pounds. My brother worked right along by the side of me all that day an he picked 300 pounds. I worked a lot harder than he did!

At that time George was six and Neal was three; I made them little cotton sacks and let them pick along with me. Some days they'd pick as much as ten pounds apiece and that helped. Part of this time we picked cotton for another man and I got my dollars. I forget just what I did get, but that was when the kids was doin'their best; I kept punchin' them along.

Tom was only a baby and as long as Ma had to stay at the house anyway, she always kept him. I worked out in the fields just like one of the men day in and day out. My share of the earnings was my clothes and what the children and I eat. If I needed anything, it was handed over to me and there never was a word said about my expenses.

When we landed in Texas, if we was asked where we come from, of course we always said Arkansas. Neal was just a little kid and one day he overheard my brothers talkin' with some bigger boys about Arkansas. They was tellin' funny stories and makin' slightly remarks about it. Neal listened to it all, then come to the house just alookin' so glum and sad. He come up close to me and said low, "Mama, if I was you, I wouldn't tell anymore that we are

from Arkansas."

Another time, when we was movin' into Texas, we met a wagon with tow or three men in it. They called out to one of our boys, "Where are you folks from?" Our boys yelled back, "Arkansas, now laugh!" They did.

When Neal come up to me so pitiful like, I said to him, "Why," I says, "Arkansas is so much ahead of Texas that there isn't any comparison! And I'm goin' back if I have to walk!"

When we first went to market we had three or four bales of cotton. Out of the first batch, we brought back home a winter's supply of groceries and clothes. After this, I decided I wanted a crop of my own; I spoke to the boys about it. I asked for a four-acre patch and told them if they would do my plowin', I would help them with their cotton – but I don't think I did. I made nearly three bales of cotton and when I took it to market, I got well over a hundred dollars. Now was I proud! I got out of the notion then of walkin' back to Arkansas. We had relatives in Fannin County, Texas. When the crops was all gathered, my brother Martin announced that he was going to see our cousins, the Parrs. He went up there horseback and had stayed about two weeks when he met Ricky (Martha Arena) Weaver and fell in love with her. He bought a farm there and sent for me to keep house for him. He went over to see Ricky, who lived about a mile from us, two or three nights a week and I was left alone with the three little children. I guess there never was a bigger coward than I was.

In front of our fireplace, there was a loose plank. An old hen crawled under the house and laid a nest full of eggs; it was warm under the there and I decided it was a good place for her to set. One night when I was alone, the old hen commenced squawking; of all the unearthly noises – I shiver yet! I just run around there for a while like a chicken with its head cut off but I finally got up enough

nerve to raise the floor. When I did, there was a big black snake coiled several times around the hen. My heart just about stopped beatin'. My boy, George, ran and brought something and between us we got it away from the hen. We didn't kill it because it got away from us. That was what made me afraid it would get in the house. I put the children all three in a bed with me and put a coal oil lamp on a chair by the bed and let it burn all night. Later on, Martin found the snake and killed it.

One night, I had just come in with the milk. It wasn't dark but it was late and there was a knock at the door. When I opened it, there stood two men who asked if Martin was there. One of them set his suitcase down and something rolled across the bottom of it just like a ball. I knew there was something wrong when that empty suitcase was set down. It's funny how anything like that can scare a body so. I told them where Martin was and then they asked how far it was to the next little town. I watched them when they left and went down the road outside the gate. They stopped and talked quite a bit before they went on and kept lookin' back. I was so scared I decided not to stay there that night. I had the water hot so I bathed and dressed all three kids and got myself dressed and struck out to a neighbor's, who lived about 200 yards from us. We knew the men went back to Martin's house because the dogs raised such a howl, we could hear them after we had gone to bed. It made

Martin so uneasy when he got home, he said, "Well, I'm not goin' to leave you alone any more at night." From then on until he and Ricky was married, I think he done his goin' in the daytime. When he told his girl he couldn't leave me any more at night, he got her persuaded to marry him a little sooner than he would have otherwise. She was only fourteen years old when they was married.

Apology is often a good way to have the last word.

# WANTED

## Gabbards

### Get Involved and Join

Help Support Our Reunion

**The 3rd Saturday in July at the Huntsville Community Center at Huntsville, Arkansas.**

**Time 11 am to 4 p.m.**

Bring a covered dish...eat and visit with old and new kin folk.

Look at pictures of your Great grandparents and other ancestors.

For More Information Call...
**Virginia Threet (501) 521-6459**

# WANTED

## Herringtons

### Get Involved and Join

Help Support Our Reunion

**The first (1st) Saturday in June at the Huntsville Community Center in Huntsville, Arkansas.**

**Time: 11 am to 4 p.m.**

Bring a covered dish...eat and visit with old and new kin folk.

Look at Pictures of Great Grandpa and other ancestors....

For more information call....
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## Old Van Hoose Burial Ground

Much has been written about the history of the Van Hoose family, their prominence in Washington County and contribution to the preservation of its history.

John and Lydia (Lewis) Van Hoose left Paintsville, Kentucky in May of 1839 for Arkansas. A biography of the Van Hoose family written by George W. Van Hoose about 1901 describes their journey. He relates that they left in two flat boats loaded with staves and tanbark, and a little covered moving boat. Two families were with them, the Dickersons and Steels. They went first to Cincinnati where the Dickersons and Steels left the party and went on to Jackson County, Missouri. The Van Hoose family boarded a little stern wheel boat and came down the river, through the canal at Louisville, Kentucky and on to Cairo.

The children of John and Lydia Van Hoose were:

(1) Rachel m. James P. Dickerson,

(2) John J. m. Rachel Mills, Postmaster of Durham

(3) Mary m. Nathaniel Thorpe

(4) Zachariah m. Mildred Barrett, Physician at Springfield, MO.

(5) Peter P. m. Adaline Gregg, noted attorney

(6) George Washington, died two years of age

(7) James Hayden m. (1) Malinda McIlroy (2) Martha Skelton, MasterMason, writer, Mayor of Fayetteville

(8) George W. m. Nancy Rowton, carpenter.

(9) Jacob never married

(10) Elizabeth m. William Marion

(11) Henry Bud, never married, drowned in 1868, and

(12) Lydia died at three years of age.

The purpose of this article is to document, preserve and record the location of the original Van Hoose Cemetery wherein were buried some of the early pioneers.

The first reference to the Van Hoose Cemetery is found in a deed from Annis Van Hoose to James H. Van Hoose

recorded 27 October 1882 where she conveyed the NE1/4 SE1/4 & N1/2 of SE1/4 SE1/4 Section 9, Township 16 North, Range 30 West, "...except 1/2 acre, measuring equal distance from the NE corner of Mary Gregg's tomb, which is the center, and which 1/2 acre is to be held sacred as a private family graveyard..." (Recorded Deed Book H-2, pg 317). Another description of the cemetery is contained in a deed from James H. & Martha Van Hoose to Mrs. E. J. Hurlburt and contains the phrase: "...except that part of the NE1/4 SE1/4, beginning at a point 25 feet east of the SW corner of a stone wall that includes the grave of Mary Gregg..." (Recorded Deed Book 0-2, pg. 90, 10 March 1885). Deeds which follow also contain the exclusion clause including the deed from James Bohart and J. C. Mitchell to A. L. Trent (Recorded Deed Book 102, pg. 412, 8 April 1904). From that point forward, no references can be found to the cemetery in the deed records. (A.L. Trent was a developer and sold the land in lots after 1904).

A survey plat made in April of 1904 positively identifies the location of the cemetery:

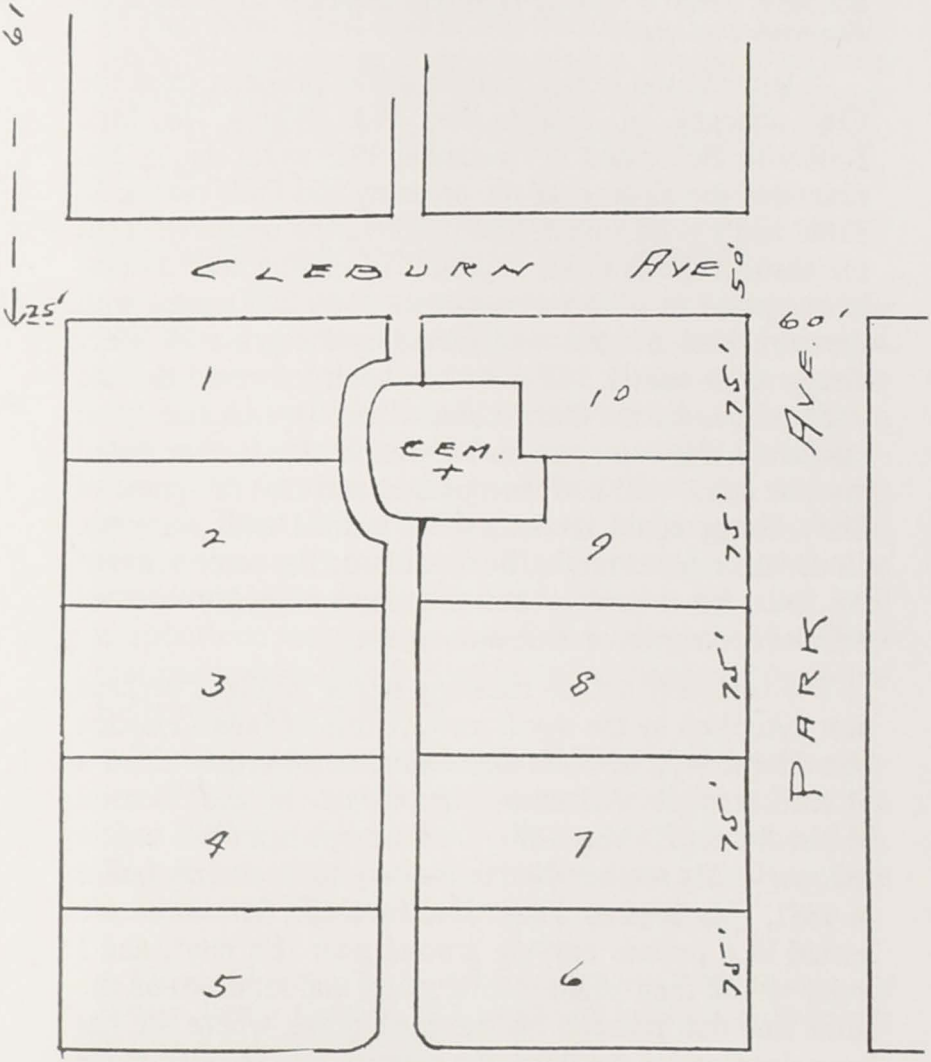
In all subsequent survey plats, no reference was made to the cemetery.

Minutes of the City Council of Fayetteville approved the 8th day of October 1923 include an ordinance numbered 491. It reads: "Whereas, it has been called to the attention of the City Council of the City of Fayetteville, that there are some graves in what is known as Block 2 (City Park Addition) of the City of Fayetteville and that this property was used as a burial ground some 60 years ago, and; Whereas, this burial ground is now longer kept up or used as such and has been abandoned ground for many years; Now Therefore, be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Fayetteville Section 1: All persons having dead buried in the said abandoned burial ground in the City Park Addition are required to remove them 60 days from the date of the passage, approval and publica-

N.W. COR. OF
NE¼ SE¼ 9-16-30

*Plat of Block Two (2) of City Park Addition to Fayetteville, Arkansas, as shown by Plat of said addition, surveyed by A.W. Shreve, Surveyor, and Recorded in Volume 100, at Page 226. Said block being located upon the North-east quarter of the South-east quarter of Section 9, Township 16 North, Range 30 West, in Washington County, Arkansas.*

*Scale 100 Feet to 1 Inch.*



tion of this Ordinance, and in the event such bodies are not removed as herein specified in the mode and manner required by law, then said City of Fayetteville may cause the remains of all such bodies which may be found to be removed and buried as herein provided. Signed C. T. Harding.

**No evidence supporting the removal of the bodies and gravestones can be located in later minutes of the City Council or in the local newspaper, though a reference to the City Ordinance was found in the Fayetteville Democrat.*

A letter found in the abstract of the property from the City attorney of Fayetteville, W.I. Whitty, to Mrs. Katherine Bell dated 17 December 1923 states that he has examined the abstract of the property and finds that A. L. Trent had a good and sufficient title to the property. That the abstract shows a plot of ground of varying descriptions, in one place as 1/2 acre in another as 50 feet square with the corner of a stone wall including the grave of Mary Gregg as its center. That he has been informed that no one has been buried there in more than 40 years and that it has lost its character as a burial ground. He further stated that the stone wall had disappeared and that the grave of Mary Gregg could no longer be located with certainty. Under the circumstances, he considered the reservation of the tract for a private burial ground void for want of definite description and abandonment.

The cemetery and its meaning to the family is perhaps best described by the words and feelings of James Hayden Van Hoose, son of John and Lydia, in an article titled a "Kentuckian in Arkansas," published in the Central Methodist on 23 May 1891. An excerpt from this article follows: "...My mother died in January 1858, and my father in 1881. My brother Peter died in 1865. The three are buried in a private burying ground near this city*, and I today visited their silent resting place, and sat down on the stone slab that protects my mother's grave, where she has been sleeping for the third of a century, and recalled many

pleasant memories of the dear old Christian mother and father, whom I bless in my heart for teaching me to have a due reverence for the Christian religion, to love and trust God, and pray to him without doubting His goodness and mercy.

I caused to be erected at the head of my father's grave a simple marble monument upon which is carved the following inscription: "John Van Hoose, born in North Carolina, 12 December 1792; died in Fayetteville, Arkansas, 12 July 1882. He was never known to utter a falsehood or do a dishonorable act." With this reference also to the Scriptures, II. Timothy iii 7-S. All of which are true and appropriate to him..."

**At the time James Hayden Van Hoose wrote this article the cemetery was located outside the boundaries of the City of Fayetteville.*

Note: This research was undertaken in an attempt to help Mrs. Juel Hamblen Giles locate the resting place of her ancestors, John and Lydia Van Hoose. Many years ago, Mrs. Giles had a lengthy conversation with Mr. Vivian Bell, now deceased, in which he disclosed that he had witnessed the removal of the gravestones from the cemetery by A. L. Trent. When Mr. Bell asked All Trent what he intended to do with the stones, Mr. Trent responded that he was taking them to Baptist Ford. At that time, Mr. Bell was fourteen years of age. Mr. Bell further told Mrs. Giles that many years later he had seen the stones in the White River whild he was fishing.

Nothing today remains of the Cemetery with the exception of the aforementioned documents and plats. Even the stone wall has disappeared. If the story related to Mrs. Giles is indeed accurate, then it is truly a tragedy to have lost this bit of Fayetteville history to progress.

*Researched by Vicki Rounsavall with gratitude to Debbie Bradshaw of Bronson Abstract Company for her invaluable assistance in determining the original location of this cemetery.*

## EVERY TOWN HAS ONE

Interesting characters add color and folklore to a town's history. Fayetteville has known many such people. But none was more colorful in the eyes of the children than an older woman I vaguely remember being called Reinie. I am not sure that the adults who dealt with Reinie thought of her in any endearing or queenly terms.

Memory can play tricks; but my most vivid concern as a nine year old was to run for the security of my home when I saw this woman coming down the street. We were afraid of her. Adults were careful not to offend her, hoping to avoid a confrontation.

Reinie roamed the streets dressed in an assortment of clothes that defied description. It was her philosophy that what-was-yours was also hers if she could obtain it. Her techniques were refined enough so that she was rarely apprehended. She had a special love for jewelry – anyone's! She wore most of hers each day to enhance her colorful attire. Her numerous hats concealed what seemed to me very bushy hair. My childhood impression was that she was old – maybe even 50 years old.

In those early days of 1910-20, there was no reason to lock the doors in your home. However, Reinie presented a problem, for open doors were for her to enter. I shall never forget one day as our family sat down for the evening meal. Reinie suddenly appeared at the table and demanded to know what we were having for dinner. To avoid any unpleasantness, Mother quickly prepared a package of food that Reinie could take home with her. It was weeks before I could feel secure in my own home, for I was sure Reinie would return for me.

It is possible we were on the direct route to her home, for she was often at our door. Her requests varied. Usually she asked for butter; but just as often, it would be need-

les, thread or even a thimble. Mother must have established herself as a good provider for we had frequent encounters with Reinie.

While I did not recognize the smell at the time, Reinie would not have benefited from the strongest of perfumes for she reeked from the garlic she consumed. I seriously doubt that she was ever employed. She seemed to survive by being Fayetteville's "bag lady." Her bag was always full. She lived in a fairly large house down by the cemetery. There were never screens on the windows. On windy days all the curtains were flying out like birds trying to take flight. As children, we carefully avoided that area.

I have often wondered about the fate of this woman who was the subject of so many conversations by both the children and the adults.

*Margaret Dutton Matthews*
*1990*

Some of you may have a cold hanging on. If so, you may like a recipe for cough syrup that was found in an old, old book belonging to the Joel Webb family. Here it is:

## COUGH SYRUP

1 quart of vinegar
1 pint strained honey
*Add five cents worth of:*

Edecompane
Spikenard
Horehound
Sage

Put the herbs in one gallon of water and boil down to 1 quart, then strain. Add the honey and vinegar and boil to one quart.

Ready for use.

*Submitted by Vera Lou Goree Fowler & Mabel Goree Bell...Descendants of the Joel Webb family who lived across the river from the Springstons between Elkins and Durham.*

# SEAY AND ALLIED LINES
## Western Washington County, Arkansas

*The story of the Seay ancestry from the 1829 date when Obediah came to Arkansas to the present in regard to the line down to Russell Jarva Seay of Springdale, AR, and his children and grand-children. Many other descendants of the Seays are also to be found in this book.*

*The story includes, too, the allied lines who are direct ancestors of Russell J. Seay and who also settled in western Washington Co., most while Arkansas still was a territory. These chapters also include some of the other descendants of these, who include families of Sanford Foley Gray, the Rev. Jacob Sexton, James Drake, William H. White, Harvey Henderson Edmiston, Thomas Kimbrough, Ambrose Hunley Sevier Little, Jackson Graham and others.*

*by Billie Jines, Russell and Gwen Seay*

## CHAPTER THREE
## Columbus Seay, Obediah's Son

Columbus Seay was the second child of Obediah Seay and Sallie Rice. He was born at Cane Hill, AR, April 14, 1833, and was educated in the Cane Hill schools.

His mother died when Columbus was three or four years old, and his father died when he was 12 or 13. As he grew up, Columbus, like his brothers and sisters, lived first with Allen Seay, who probably was their uncle. Columbus was about 18 when Allen died in 1852. When he was 19, in 1853, Columbus embarked on a noteworthy cattle drive to California.

That cattle drive story is known today only because Columbus, upon his return to Arkansas, wrote up his experiences for *The Cincinnati Argus*, a newspaper then published by A. J. Edmiston and Son at the town of Cincinnati, Washington Co., AR. One copy of the news clipping still exists, and is in the hands of Billy Jack Smith of Westville, OK, a great-grandson of Columbus Seay. In 1985, Billy

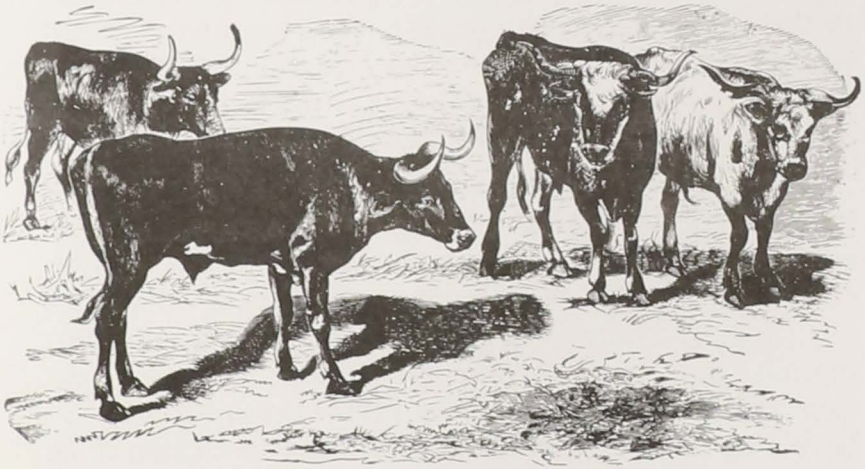
Jack took the brittle old clipping out of his lockbox and allowed Virgil Talbot, the editor of *The Goingsnake Messenger* to reprint it. Both Virgil Talbot and Billy Jack Smith have given permission for the 133-year old news article to be reproduced.

**THE 1853 CATTLE DRIVE**
*by Columbus Seay*

Editor, ARGUS:

At your solicitation I will give you a sketch of my trip over the plains to California in the year 1853. I and five other boys, viz; L. Hill, D. Crumley, Sam Kelley, F. A. Licklyter and John A. Tennant made arrangements with John W. Carter of Cane Hill to drive stock for him to California. Mr. Carter and William Shores had gone to California in 1849, and returned the winter of 1852 to purchase a drove of cattle and drive them to California in 1853.

I was then 19 years old, and Mr. Carter agreed to pay me $8 per month. I started with two small mules of my own. We left Cane Hill on the morning of April 9th and went to Mr. Shores who lived near Fayetteville, where we



*Cherokee and Texas cattle of the period*

remained four days. On the fourth day we loaded our six wagons, hitched four yoke of cattle to each wagon and moved out about 150 yards from the house and struck camps. This was done in order to see that everything was in readiness to make an early start the next morning.

All things being ready, we drove our herd of cattle, consisting of 550 head, and made a good day's travel, camping that night on the Lindsley Prairie. Then we crossed to the Indian Territory, crossing (Grand?) River at the Salt works, thence to Verdigres. There were no settlements after crossing Grand River. At the Verdigres we lay over for a few days so that we might get better grassing for our stock. Here we got 150 more head of cattle. We then had 700 head of cattle and about 50 head of horses and mules. Again renewing our journey, in a few days had many sorefooted cattle caused by walking over the fresh burned stubs.

When leaving the Verdigres, we took what was then known as the Lewis-Evans trail. (Evans crossed the plains in '49.) We traveled a few days passing through skirts of timber. One evening we camped on the open prairie and found no wood for fuel. Timber was in sight, so some of the boys said they would get on their mules and go bring some wood. Mr. Shores said, "Boys it is at least ten miles to that timber." Then they concluded to not go. We just walked out on the plains and gathered buffalo chips for fuel, and in order to keep the wind from blowing our fire away, we dug pits in which to make the fires.

About this time some emigrants fell in with us and it was amusing to see the ladies gathering buffalo chips in their aprons to cook their meals with. In a few days we came to Walnut Creek. Here we had plenty of wood. The next night we camped on Cottonwood Creek and next morning struck out on the open plains in earnest, occasionally we could find a little willow brush for fuel. So far plenty of good water and grass. Then we came to an alkali pond once in a while, occasionally losing a cow from

drinking too freely of the water. In a few days we came to a U.S. fort, then called Fort Man, and in a short time after leaving there came to the Buffalo range.

They seemed to have a line or trail drawn extending north, and I couldn't see a track 50 yards east of the trail. They would consume all the grass west of the line and then move further east. We were among them 2 or 3 days and as far as eye could see the whole plain was black with them. In some herds there looked as if there were thousands. The first evening after we came to the buffalo our horses, about twenty head, ran away with the buffalo and we had to run in ahead of them and circle them back to the train. They must have run 12 or 15 miles. When we stopped to camp that evening Mr. Shores got off his fine mule which he had purchased at a high price to ride across the plains, when it broke loose from him and ran away with the bridle and saddle. The last we saw of the mule he was tearing across the prairie with a herd of buffalo. We had a bad time keeping the buffalo from stampeding our cattle, and were glad when we got off their range.

I killed only one buffalo as we had but little time to fool with them. Just as we were camping the day after we had passed the buffalo we saw a band of wild Indians coming in a line of battle, all in a sweeping gallop over the plains. I will here say; that there was a scared boy for awhile. I heard someone say something to Mr. Shores about them.

He said he thought them to be a hunting party after buffalo, and so they were. They came in 150 yards of us and halted. The leader rode out in front of them and made some signs. Mr. Shores motioned him to come up, when he said they were after buffalo and wanted something for his men to eat. Shores told him to bring up his men which he did and ordered them to dismount. Mr. Shores then brought out some Sugar and Hardtack, and their leader issued it to them. They all got on their knees in a straight line and in this position ate their bread and sugar. I judge there were fifty of them. When it began to get good dusk they mounted and left for their own camp.

The next morning as we were leaving they passed us, all mounted on good ponies. About this time we struck the Santa Fe Trail, or rather roads, as there were two broad well beaten roads about 30 feet apart. Here we found the finest mesquite grass that we saw on the plains. On the night before, two of our horses got loose and started back for Arkansas. We found where they had come into the road about two miles from camp. Four of us started to follow them, while the train moved on. We found them about 2 o'clock a quarter of a mile from the road, but when we left the road to go to them they jumped up and ran like wild antelopes. I suppose we ran them five miles before catching them. If it hadn't been for the long ropes with iron stake pins which they had tied around their necks, we would not have got them at all. We then had to go to the train that night, as there was no chance to get anything to eat until we did. We caught up with it between 11 and 12 o'clock hungry and nearly worn out.

In a few days we struck the Arkansas River and traveled up this stream to the Rocky Mountains. I have carried wood many evenings across the river on my mule. We left the mountains to our left and came to a very cold swift stream, called the Cash la Tudy and had to make a raft to cross it. Here a little incident occurred that was amusing to all of us save one; Uncle Cal Shores pretended to be

sick. He didn't want to get wet, he said. So as we had to wade in about three feet of water, Uncle wanted some one to carry him across. About 20 of us proposed to do this, but he was afraid to risk any of us, so a man by the name Fritz proposed to carry him out dry. Uncle Cal thought he could be trusted so he got on his shoulders with many an admonition to walk carefully. Fritz started out but his feet became tangled and down he went carrying Uncle to the bottom. Then there was some nice apologies made by Fritz.

We had hard work getting our cattle across the river and had to crowd some of them into the water before we could get them started. Then four steers broke away and ran off. We never did get them back into the river. We heard of several trains trying later to make them cross, but they failed. Right here I will speak of another hard ride I and four other boys had to make while on the Arkansas. When there was any hard riding to be done, those of us who owned our own horses or mules had to do it. We were ordered back to look among droves of cattle that were behind us for any stock that we might have lost, as we would lose some occasionally. Any drover coming across lost stock would bring them along until the drover called for them.

We started after an early breakfast, passing trains every few miles until about noon we came to no more trains that day, but about dusk we thought we heard bells and traveled on till about 8 o'clock then having sighted no train we turned back to reach the last train we had passed the day before, at dark. We spent the night with them and were treated like brothers. We reached our own train after dark the next night.

After we got across the Cash la Tuty, another train came up, but they had no cable rope so the boss wanted to borrow ours promising to bring it on after getting his train across. The boss of that train was a Baptist preacher and when he got across he just sold the rope to another train

for $25 and pocketed the money. Then he rode around hunting cattle we had lost, and found several head, so we heard. Shores sent some men back to find them but they failed to come across him.

In a few days after leaving the Cash la Tudy the Indians stole some horses and mules from us. One night a severe storm came up and the water ran into our tent so we had to set up most of the night but one of the boys kept us in good spirits preaching Baptist sermons. When day came there was not a cow to be seen, but we found them about five miles from camp behind a large mountain.

I will just say that driving cattle over the plains is the laziest work I ever did. I would go to sleep every day after noon, on my mule and very often when I would wake up, be near the front of the herd of cattle. The next stream that was of any size was the South Platte River, which we forded but when we came to the North Platte we spent nearly two weeks making a ferry to get across it. Several head of our cattle were drowned in crossing. After leaving this stream, we could find only bad water and used sage brush for fuel. When we came to a patch, we loaded in our wagons for fear we could not find any at night. Good grass so far.

The next stream of size was called Medicine Bow Butte. When we crossed it was fordable but heard three days later that it was one half a mile wide. Along here we came to some snow drifts and one cow ran into one of these drifts and bogged down. This was on the 4th of July. Flowers were in bloom within two feet of the snow. The next place of importance was Green River which was wide, deep and very swift. We were detained several days at this stream and finally crossed by lashing two wagon beds together. They made a very good boat and we got across dry and all right. In a few days we struck the head waters of Bitter Creek. It certainly has the right name, for the water is very bitter. Traveled down this stream over 100 miles and then

passed a U. S. Fort, the name of which I have forgotten. It was about 50 miles from Salt Lake City.

We struck Salt Lake Valley about the 20th of July. Lay over one day and went to the city. The prettiest town I think I ever saw. Here some of my comrades got mad at Mr. Shores and left the train. They were intending to walk to California, but I could not stand to see them start afoot so I turned my mules over to them, telling them if we ever met in California they could pay for them. I then drove a wagon on to California.

We passed through the city leaving the lake to our left, thence through the settlement for about 40 miles, when we came to Bear River. Here a Morman had a ferryboat for the accommodation of immigrants. We got there at noon and had to wait until 1 o'clock next day before our turn came. His charge for ferrying a wagon across was from $5 to $8, owing to the weight of the wagon. He would lift one wheel of each wagon then make his charge, receive the money, go to his tent and sit down and we did the work.

In a few days we struck the Humbolt River. At first the water was clear and cool, but it did not remain so as we traveled further down it became impure from so much dead stock in the river. When we camped at night and

went to the river for a bucket of water to drink and cook with there was no use to go above a carcass to get water for you could look up the river and see more of them. All there was to do was to dip up the water as quickly as possible and hurry away.

After traveling down this river we came to the trail that led to Oregon, known as the Losson Trail. As we were going to northern California we took this trail, which we had to cross. The first day we traveled 25 miles when we came to a small spring. Found water enough to cook with and by working till late at night and getting at it early the next morning, we got enough to fill our water kegs, but none for our stock. The next water was 50 miles further on. We traveled all day and until 8 o'clock in the night when we stopped to rest our teams. There wasn't 50 head of loose stock with the train. They must have scented water and deserted the train in their haste to get to it.

Mr. Carter rode on and reached the spring at daybreak. Most of the stock was already there. At daybreak the train moved on and got to the water about 10 or 11 o'clock. Here we found plenty of grass and water, but the water was boiling hot and stock had to go a mile or so down the branch before they could drink the water. The spring was the largest I ever saw. It must have been 40 or 50 feet across and the water would boil up every little bit 3 or 4 feet high. Don't know how deep it was. We tied two 40 foot ropes together and let them down but found no bottom. The next day we traveled about 3 miles passing many springs, though not as large as the first one. Neither were they so hot, and stopping to rest our men and cattle.

Renewing our journey the next morning we came to a small creek which we traveled up to its head. Before we came to the head of this creek, we passed through a narrow rough canon (canyon) about two miles in length. The canon was not over 100 yards wide at any place, with almost solid rock walls about 100 feet high. Then we came out on

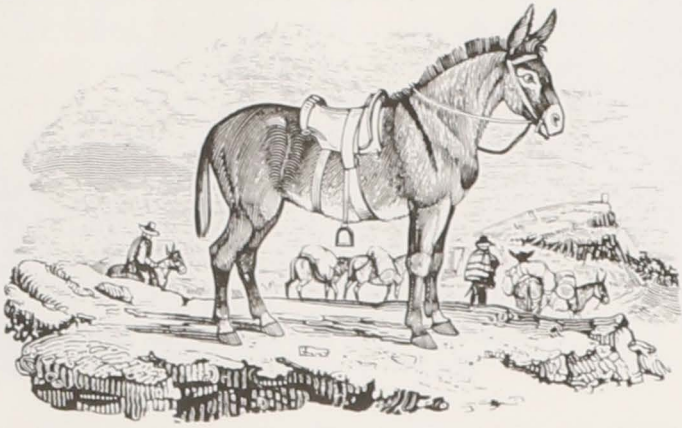
the high plains.

The next important place was the Great Sierra Nevada Mountains. It took us one whole day to get over the mountains and we had to hitch eight yoke of cattle to each wagon, to get up, and the wagons were nearly empty, too. It was nearly two miles up the mountain and about three down. We then struck a fine level timbered country and came to a lake called Goose Lake. Here a company of U. S. Cavalry was stationed to protect emigrants from hostile Indians. These Indians had massacred a train of emigrants a year before. Some of the soldiers went with us for three days as guards. After leaving Goose Lake we passed many smaller lakes. One day we had some cattle give out on us near one of these lakes and the next morning (we) could see smoke where the stock was left. The Indians had come from their hiding place, killed the stock, and were cooking them. Some of our boys and the soldiers went back with a determination to kill some of the Indians, but they failed, as the Indians hid in the lake. I think these lakes are in Oregon.

We then came to Lost River. It was about 50 yards wide, the water cold and clear. We crossed this river on a natural bridge as the river was somewhat swollen. The bridge was under about two feet of water. After passing over some rough country we arrived at Yreka City in the northern part of California. We then crossed the Scotts

Mountain into Scotts Valley. On the western slope of these mountains was the tallest and most beautiful timber I ever beheld. Scotts Valley was Mr. Shores' journeys end and Mr. Carter lived about 100 miles further south. So Shores and Carter settled, Shores kept all the wagons as there was no wagon road through the mountains to Carter's. After taking our departure we went up Scotts River to its head, going up the mountain. Right on top of the mountain there are two springs not more than ten feet apart. One is the head of Scotts River, the other the Trinity River. We started down the Trinity.

We were ten or fifteen days making the trip and had to live on salt meat and slap jacks till we got near Weaverville, when Mr. Carter went to town and brought some provisions back to camp. We were tired of living on what we had been eating and we got away with that grub in short order. The next day we passed Weaverville and across (the) Trinity Mountains to Mr. Carter's Ranch which was located in a small valley on Trinity River.



We reached our journeys end on the 10th day of November 1853, having been on (the) road five months and twenty-seven days. I will just say that such a trip as that is enough to try any man. I must say that Mr. Carter came near being the same all the way from Arkansas to California than any of us. He was a wholesome man."

*And, so, ended the newspaper article written by Columbus Seay. Years later, his obituary stated that "In 1853 he went to California and stayed until 1857."*

On Feb. 17, 1858, Columbus Seay was married to Sarah White Edmiston, who was born March 14, 1841, the daughter of David Crawford Edmiston and Rebecca Thorton of Cane Hill. The marriage was solemnized by the Rev. John Carnahan, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, in Washington Co. AR. The couple moved to his farm near Cincinnati in western Washington Co.

Columbus and Sarah lost their first child, Victoria Seay. According to her marker at the Cincinnati Cemetery, she was born Nov. 21, 1858 and died Apr. 16, 1860.

When the 1860 Census was taken of Illinois Township in Washington Co., it listed "Columbus Sea" as being 27, Sarah Sea as 18, and a Mary Pogue as 13.

Two years later, Columbus and Sarah and their infant, J. H. Seay, were separated by the Civil War. Columbus served in Co. B (Capt. Earle's company) of Brooks Regiment, known as the "Fighting Thirty-Fourth." It was organized in September, 1862 at Mount Comfort near Fayetteville, AR. Columbus served three years – to the end of the war – and was a blacksmith for the Confederates. Among battles in which the "Fighting Thirty-Fourth" fought was the Battle of Prairie Grove, also in Washington County. Today that battlefield is preserved as an Arkansas State Park.

*The story of Columbus's regiment and company were published in the February, 1983 issue of THE BACKTRACKER. Originally prepared by Clem McCulloch of the state auditor's office, the article was published in the Oct. 9, 1904 issue of THE ARKANSAS DEMOCRAT at Little Rock. It was contributed to THE BACKTRACKER by Russell P. Baker, archivist, Arkansas History Commission.*

The 34th Arkansas Infantry of the Confederate Army was part of Fagan's Brigade, Churchill's Division, Trans-Mississippi department. Among the over 1,200 men in the regiment are found names well-known in the Seay locale of the county. Indeed, many are names that became a part of the family history, some of them direct ancestors: Edmiston, Gray, Secton, Scott, White, Shannon, Leach, Buchanan, Carnahan, Crozier, English, Herron, Kelleam, Morrow, Reed, Simpson and others.

The regiment was in three states, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas. In February, 1865, the camp had been moved from Minden, LA. to Shreveport, then later that spring, to Marshall, TX. Here they were when word finally came to them in May that Lee had surrendered a month earlier. A decision was made for the men to march to Fort Smith, AR to lay down their arms. The date was June 9, 1865.

Columbus returned to his little family at Cincinnati, AR and resumed his farming and blacksmithing. By the next census, in 1870, he and Sarah had three children; J. H. Seay, by then 8; J. A. Seay, 3: and I. A. Seay, l. Columbus's half-sister, Rebecca Seay, aged 25, was living with them.

By 1880, three more children had joined the family circle: Sarah, Viola and Emmett. Three others would be born before the 1900 census was taken: Della C., Dessie G. and Ruby A. Seay.

In 1911, *Arkansas Civil War Biographies for Crawford, Franklin and Washington Counties* was published. The page devoted to Columbus said that he had been a Mason for 50 years, was a Democrat and a Presbyterian. He also served as a justice of the peace in Washington Co. Nine of their eleven children still were living in 1911.

Columbus died Dec. 26, 1917 on his farm near Cincinnati, and was buried the next day at the Cincinnati Cemetery. Sarah died Mar. 8, 1932 and was buried at Cincinnati.

In the days when Columbus and Sarah settled there, Cincinnati was a popular trading post for early-day residents of the Goingsnake District of the Cherokee Nation just across the state line. Earlier, the town had been known as Sylva, AR, but the name was changed in 1857 to Cincinnati.

In his will, dated Dec. 4, 1911, Columbus named as his heirs, his widow, Sarah; and children, J. A. Seay, Ida A. Smith, Sallie E. Cabe, Viola Farley, Emmett Seay, Della E. Seay, Dessie Marshall and Ruby A. Wright.

The names of only ten of their eleven children are known. Not necessarily in order, these names are:

1. Victoria Seay – died of scarlet fever at 17 months.
2. Joseph H. Seay – deceased before 1911. Born in 1861. He may have been the J. H. Seay who married Lou Pool in 1884.
* 3. James A. Seay
* 4. Ida A. Seay
* 5. Sallie E. Seay
6. Viola Seay (Farley) – born Aug.,1874. Lived at Siloam Springs in 1911.
7. Emmett Seay – born April, 1878. Was at Westville, OK in 1911.
* 8. Della E. or C. Seay
9. Dessie Seay (Marshall) – born Sept.,1883. Was at Westville, OK in 1911.
10. Ruby Alice Seay – born Dec. 1887. Married ____ Wright. Was at Summers, AR, in 1911.

** A few more details are known about these.*

**JAMES A. SEAY** (son of Columbus, son of Obediah Seay) born February, 1869 in AR. Married Ora Peden Oct. 26, 1892 in Washington Co, AR. She was born in July, 1871. The 1900 census placed them in Washington Co. with three children. Also the grave of another child was located.

In 1911, James A. was at Electra, TX. Their known children:

1. Samuel P. Seay – born in August, 1893 in AR
2. Lloyd J. Seay – born in November, 1895 in AR
3. William T. Seay – born in October, 1898 in AR
4. Kermit Seay – born February 12, 1906 and died October 21, 1907, according to his marker at the Peden Cemetery in Washington Co. It said, "Son of James and Ora."

Since Billy Jack Smith of Westville, OK, a grandson of Columbus' daughter, Ida A. Smith, was the only one of Columbus's descendants we contacted in person while working on this book, it presented a special opportunity to learn about his line. The author did write to others who she thought might have been descendants of Columbus, but failed to receive a response. Thus, there is more contained here about Billy Jack and his family than about other descendants.

**IDA ANN SEAY** (daughter of Columbus, son of Obediah Seay) born ca 1869 in AR. Died in the early 1940's. Buried at the Old Union Cemetery at Cincinnati, AR. Married Sept. 14, 1890 in Washington Co. AR to Dave Smith. He was a farmer, and they resided near Cincinnati. Dave died in November, 1932. Their children, not necessarily in order, are:

1. Maude Smith – married Bob Stokes. Died at Bristol, OK.
2. Grace Smith – married Arthur Clayton. Died at Whittier, CA.
3. Annie Smith – married and lived at Cane Hill. She died when her first child was born.
4. Fred Smith – died at Fresno, CA.
5. Melvin Smith **See separate paragraph below.*
6. Mabel Smith – married Ralph Smith, died at Bartlesville, OK.
7. Pearl Smith – married Clyde Dyer. In 1986,lived at Junction City, OR.
8. Mildred Ruth Smith – married Ivory Barnes. In 1986, was living at Junction City, OR.
9. J. C. Smith – died at Oakridge, OR.

**MELVIN SMITH** (son of Ida A., daughter of Columbus, son of Obediah Seay, born Nov. 24, 1902 at Cincin-

nati, AR. Died April 2, 1980 at Westville, OK. Buried in the Westville Cemetery. He was a farmer and cattle buyer. He married Edna Jackson, who was born in June, 1901 and died May 11, 1964. Melvin and Edna moved their family from Cincinnati to Westville in 1939. Part of the land they acquired there had been owned previously by Austell Seay, son of Melvin's great uncle, Rufus, R. Seay. Their children:

1. Faynell Smith – born Aug. 30, 1927. Married C. F. Hill. In 1986 they resided at San Jose, CA.

* 2. Billy Jack Smith **See separate paragraph below.*

3. Shirley Dee Smith – married Ray Brakefield. She died in June, 1975 at Wayne, OK. Buried at Wayne.

**BILLY JACK SMITH** (son of Melvin, son of Ida A., daughter of Columbus, son of Obediah) born Dec. 25, 1929 at Cincinnati, AR. Married Vernice Bowles, who had an ancestor that came over the Trail of Tears. Vernice is the daughter of Marie Sloan and Riley Bowles. Riley's mother, Betsy Sanders Bowles, was the daughter of Elizabeth Tieskee, who was a full-blood Cherokee. Billy Jack has worked for Ozarks Electric since February, 1948. He and their son, Jackie, raise steers and stocker steers on a 270 acre ranch at Westville. Up until 1985, they had a cow/calf operation there. Nathan Smith, a grandson of Billy Jack and Vernice, is the fourth generation of Seay descendants to raise cattle on that land, part of which belonged to Billy Jack's parents before him. Their children:

* 1. Jackie Duane Smith **See separate section below.*

* 2. Barbara Leinn Smith

**JACKIE DUANE SMITH** (son of Billy Jack, son of Melvin, son of Ida A., daughter of Columbus, son of Obediah Seay) born May 24, 1948. Married Pam Metcalf of Northern California. Live at Westville, OK where he is a school teacher and rancher. Child:

1. Nathan Brent Smith – born July 20, 1973.

**BARBARA LEINN SMITH** (daughter of Billy Jack, son of Melvin, son of Ida A., dau. of Columbus, son of Obediah Seay) born Aug. 14, 1951. Married Larry Hern. Live at Westville, OK. She is a school teacher, and they are ranchers. Children:

1. Marty Dale Hern – born Dec. 17, 1970
2. Kelly LaRae Hern – born Dec. 28, 1978

**SARAH (SALLIE) R. SEAY** (dau. of Columbus, son of Obediah Seay) born ca 1873 in Arkansas. Married on Mar. 6, 1892 in Washington Co., AR to C. C. Cabe. They lived in Rhea, AR in 1911.

**DELLA C. OR E. SEAY** (son of Columbus, son of Obediah Seay) born in June, 1880 in Arkansas. Married ca 1902 to Ora _____, who was born ca 1882 in AR. In 1911, they lived at Siloam Springs, AR. The 1910 census showed the following children in their household:

1. Bula Seay – born ca 1903 in AR
2. Vera Seay – born ca 1906 in AR
3. Joe Seay – born ca 1908 in AR

As pointed out earlier in this chapter, the descendants of Columbus and Sarah White Edmiston Seay listed in this book are only a portion of them. No earnest effort was made to attempt to trace all of them. However, those researching the Columbus Seay line in the future may be able to benefit by those who did come to the author's attention, including the children of Columbus and Sarah.

Further along in this book, a chapter on the Edmistons as an allied line of the Seay family will provide more information on Sarah White Edmiston.

***ADDENDUM:*** *The following information about some descendants of Columbus and Sarah White Edmiston was received from James Farley of Siloam Springs, AR. after this chapter had been completed in its final draft. James Farley is a great-grandson of Columbus and Sarah. Our appreciation to him for the following:*

**VIOLA (OLA) SEAY** (daughter of Columbus, son of Obediah Seay) born Aug., 1874 in Arkansas. Married at Siloam Springs, AR to James Winfield (J. W.) Farley. Both are buried at Oak Hill Cemetery in Siloam Springs. Children:

1. Infant son – buried at Wedington, AR.
2. Gail Farley – killed in a car wreck in 1931. Buried at Oak Hill, Siloam Springs, AR.
* 3. Alton Farley **See separate section below.*
4. Fern Farley (Pratt) – lives at Fayetteville, AR. Two sons: Cedric owns an appliance store at Alma, AR. and Billy Dick is a district attorney in Knoxville, TN.
5. Marjorie Farley (Wight) – lives in Tahlequah, OK.

**ALTON FARLEY** (son of Viola, dau. of Columbus, son of Obediah Seay) He died Aug. 11, 1985 and is buried at Oak Hill Cemetery in Siloam Springs. Children:

1. Sheila Farley – was killed in Tulsa in 1968. Her killer is serving a life sentence at McAlester, OK.
2. Gwendolyn Farley (Horton) – married Van Horton who is with Southwestern Power Administration. They live in Tulsa.
3. Milton Farley – lives at Edmond, OK and is with Dresser Industries (Magcobar Div.)
4. James Farley – is retired from the postal service in Siloam Springs, AR.

*James Farley also contributed additional information on some of Columbus and Sarah White Edmiston Seay's other children:*

SALLY SEAY (CABE) had four children that James Farley mentioned: Farris Cabe of Westville, OK; Lola of Fort Smith, AR; Cleo of Tahlequah, OK; and Garland of Little Rock, AR.

EMMETT SEAY has three children mentioned by James Farley: Ruby, deceased; Clark; and Paul, deceased.

DELLA (DELL) SEAY had five children mentioned by James Farley: Beulah; Vera of Tulsa; Joe, deceased;

Gertrude of Tulsa; and Granville of Colorado.

DESSIE SEAY (MARSHALL) had five children mentioned by James Farley: Izola Dyer of Tahlequah, OK; Leola, deceased; Audry of Coffeeville, KS; Grant of Tahlequah, OK; and Fause, deceased.

*THIS OBITUARY for Emmet Seay is from an unidentified newspaper of about 1969.*

### *Rites Held for Emmett Seay, 91*

Services for Emmett Seay, 91, a former Westville resident, were held Sunday afternoon in Tahlequah. Interment was in the Tahlequah City Cemetery.

Seay, born April 23, 1878, in Cincinnati, Ark., lived in Westville until 1925 when he moved to Tahlequah. He was employed by the Tahlequah City Light and Water Department for more than 20 years. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church.

Survivors include two sons, one daughter, seven grand-children and four great-grand-children.

Did you know that you can find whatever you want when you don't need it by looking where it wouldn't be if you did want it and needed it?

*The Holstein or Dutch Breed*

# PEDIGREE (AHNENTAFEL) CHART

| *Number* | *Name* | *Birth or Christening* | *Death or Burial* |
|---|---|---|---|
| **1st Generation** | | | |
| 1. | John Gregory HUGHES Sr. | 2 May 1960 | |
| **2nd Generation** | | | |
| 2. | Joseph Chester HUGES,Sr. | 9 April 1936 | |
| 3. | Patricia Ann RIPPEE | 16 August 1938 | |
| **3rd Generation** | | | |
| 4. | James Alpheus HUGHES | 23 April 1907 | 20 Jan 1980 |
| 5. | Lucy Beatrice ISAACS | 14 July 1912 | 13 Apr 1982 |
| **4th Generation** | | | |
| 8. | George Ellis HUGHES | 26 Oct 1866 | 7 Jul 1961 |
| 9. | Eva Bell BAKER | 30 Aug 1879 | 9 Mar 1982 |
| 10. | Andrew Jackson ISAACS | 24 Apr 1882 | 13 May 1915 |
| 11. | Francis Susan COCHRAN | 30 Jul 1882 | 16 Oct 1972 |
| **5th Generation** | | | |
| 16. | Joseph Monroe HUGHES | 1 Jun 1843 | 8 Mar 1907 |
| 17. | Eliza Evaline HUTCHINS | 28 Feb 1848 | 23 Dec 1908 |
| 18. | Seth BAKER | 6 Jan 1825 | 18 Apr 1908 |
| 19. | Frances EDWARDS | 6 Jun 1850 | 19 Jan 1916 |
| 20. | James ISAACS | | |
| 21. | Racheal | | |
| 22. | Andrew Jackson COCHRAN | | |
| 23. | Elizabeth HAZELIP | | |
| **6th Generation** | | | |
| 32. | George Washington HUGHES | c1816 | 10 Jan 1863 |
| 33. | Sarah PASCHAL | 1818 | 11 Apr 1900 |
| 34. | Ellis HUTCHINS | 29 Aug 1805 | 5 May 1869 |
| 35. | Mary SHORES | 31 Mar 1812 | 12 Jun 1899 |
| 38. | David EDWARDS | 25 Nov 1816 | 1 Jan 1911 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 39. | Jane ANDERS | 15 Jan 1813 | 4 Nov 1898 |
| 44. | David COCHRAN | | |

**7th Generation**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 66. | Mark PASCHAL | 1787 | Aft 1860 |
| 67. | Sarah BURCHETT | | |
| 68. | John HUTCHINS | 23 Dec 1738 | 1825 |
| 69. | Jane BRASSWELL | 1832 | |

**8th Generation**

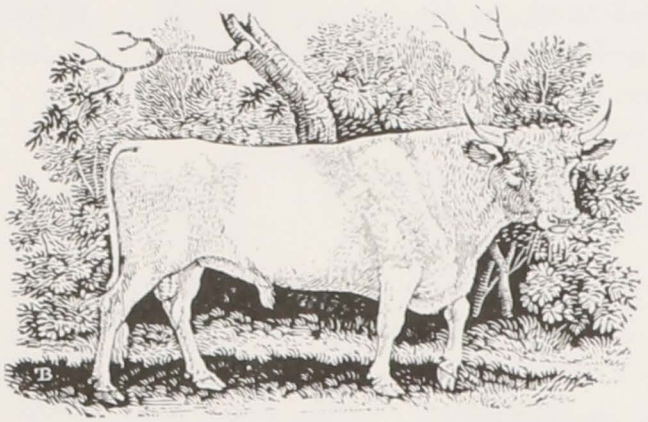
| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 132. | John PASCHAL | 1 Jul 1756 | c Feb 1816 |
| 136. | Strangeman HUTCHINS | 1707 | 10 Feb 1792 |
| 137. | Elizabeth COX | 25 Feb1713 | c1816 |

**9th Generation**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 246. | Samuel PASCHAL | 1 Apr 1727 | 1805 |
| 265. | Phereba WARD | | |
| 272. | Nicholas HUTCHINS | 1645 | |
| 273. | Mary WATKINS | | |

**10th Generation**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 528. | William PASCHAL | 1705 | 1774 |



Lord, when we are wrong, make us willing to change,
and when we are right, make us easy to live with.

*Yell's office moving north on Highway 71B, Fayetteville, March 10, 1992*

## MOVING DAY

No doubt Archie was Yell-ing, "What in tarnation is going on? My beloved 'Waxhaws' was razed because of some political shenanigans. *Where* is my law office goin'?"

Please, Mr. Archibald Yell, no disrespect intended. But the Washington County Historical Society has had *a time* moving Yell's law office/library onto our property, where it will be protected from vandalism, admired, and serve to teach Arkansas' history and Yell's honored place. Built in 1843, it is one of Arkansas' oldest still-standing structures.

After Bryan Walker's death, the Society won the approval of his heirs to take it from Walker's property. After several months of legal maneuvering, we dismantled its fireplace, marking each rock's place from the hearth through the chimney, storing them at 118 E. Dickson.

But back in November '91 after removing an old garage from its concrete slab, we were told by the Board of Adjustments we couldn't use that convenient placement, but must move in 20 feet from the north property line, rip up

the slab, tear out gardens and patio, and eliminate at least one parking space. Then, several days were spent getting waivers for present placement of electric and gas lines.

At last, March 9, the mover got to work, putting beams under the shed. Then a city inspector appeared, shouting, "You cannot put that wooden building in the fire zone!" The rest of the day was spent getting waivers for a permit to put a 150-year-old building on an historic site. *Finally*, the next day saw the Yell office put in position.

Fayetteville Restoration, Inc. has paid for the move, but this money is far short of paying for the extensive repairs necessitated by time and termite deterioration. We need lots of monetary help!

A donation of $200 will put your name on a brass plaque and get you a copy of Wm. W. Hughes' biography of "Archibald Yell" (while they last). A $50 donation will get you the book, or, if you prefer, a copy of "A Documentary History of Arkansas" published by U. of A. Press (of which we recently received a new supply).

Please help us save this great piece of Arkansas' past.

*Workmen preparing for move*

*Gifts have been made to the*
*Washington County Historical Society*

| *In Memory of:* | *From:* |
|---|---|
| MARY VIRGINIA BYROADE | Miss Elizabeth Ellis<br>Mr. and Mrs. Keith Newhouse<br>Ruth E. Lesh |
| ERNIE DEANE | Mr. and Mrs. Keith Newhouse<br>Mrs. John P. Owen |
| MARY C. INGALLS | Mrs. Heydon Lewis<br>Mr. Preston Magruder<br>Mary Frances Newburn<br>Mr. and Mrs. Keith Newhouse<br>Dr. and Mrs. Nolan E. Williams |
| MARGARET LANG | Freudenberg Spunweb Co.<br>of Durham, NC<br>Dr. and Mrs. Joannes H. Karis<br>Mr. and Mrs. Keith Newhouse |
| HELEN LEFLAR | Justice and Mrs. David Newbern |
| MILDRED J. WAGGONER | Justice and Mrs. David Newbern |

*The Society is deeply grateful.*

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